

The Historie of

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word, O, he is astedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: shall I tell you, coosen,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aloue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your coming hither haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain,
The least of which, hanging a noble man,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stain
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hor. Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,
Here come your wives, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

Henry the fourth.

Shee'll be a souldier too, shee'll to the wars.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. Shee is desperate here,
A peeuishe selfe wilde harlotric, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prettie Welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will she runne mad,

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harness teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart, he sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here, and attend.

Hor.